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SEPT. 1957
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ROY ROGERS AND TRIGGER

Roy and Dusty match swords and wits
with the veiled men of
the Sahara Desert!





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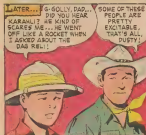
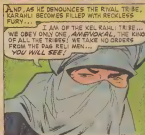
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ENCLOSE GIFT CARD TO READ FROM

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AT A SHORT TIME LATER, THE TRAVELERS ARE HALTED BY A BAND OF ARMED TUAREGS...

WHO ARE THESE MEN, KARAHLI?

DAS RELI! THEY SAY -
YOU GIVE UP YOUR
PISTOLETS!

IT LOOKS LIKE YOU WERE RIGHT,
DUSTY. KARAHLI GOT CARRIED
AWAY AND LEP US RIGHT INTO THE
HANDS OF THE
DAS RELI...AND
TROUBLE!

(GULP!) AND THEY
MUST NOT WANT US
TO SEE WHERE
THEY'RE TAKING US.

AT A BACON STRIDE THE TUAREGS USE THEIR
CAMELS TOWARD SOME BARREN HILLS....

GURRT!
GURRT!

S-SOON THUS
WE LEARNED
TO R-RIDE
CAMELS IN
EGYPT!

RIGHT, SON! AND
REMEMBER, NO
MATTER WHAT
HAPPENS, KEEP
YOUR COURAGE UP!

SHORTLY...

BOY, I'M SURE
GLAD TO GET THAT
BLINDFOLD OFF!

THIS MUST BE THEIR
HEADQUARTERS... AN OLD FORT!
PERHAPS WE CAN SEE THEIR CHIEF
AND EXPLAIN THIS IS ALL A MISTAKE!



BUT THE TRIBAL ZAMBAR, THE CHIEF, REFUSES TO LISTEN TO KARAHLI AND SHOWS NO CLEMENCY...

THE FOREIGNER AND THE KEL RAHLI HAVE VIOLATED OUR TERRITORY! THEY MUST PROVE THEIR RIGHT TO LIVE BY THE ORDAINANCE OF SWORDS! THE DUEL WILL BEGIN TOMORROW, WITH DAYLIGHT!

THE BOY—NOT BEING OF WARRIOR AGE—IS FREE TO GO AND COME WITHIN THIS CANYON! IF HIS FATHER DIES TOMORROW HE WILL BE ADOPTED INTO THE DAG RELI TRIBE! I HAVE SPOKEN!

KARAHLI—WHAT NOW? I UNDERSTOOD ONLY A FEW WORDS!

CAN YOU FIGHT WITH A SWORD, MONSIEUR? BETTER THAN THESE DAG RELI?

TOMORROW, MONSIEUR, AS SOON AS IT IS LIGHT ENOUGH TO SEE, YOU AND I WILL FIGHT FOR OUR LIVES WITH THE TWO BEST SWORDSMEN IN THE TRIBE: IF WE WIN, WE GO FREE... OTHERWISE WE DIE!

WHAT ABOUT DUSTY, MY SON?

TO BOY'S RELIEF, KARAHLI EXPLAINS THAT DUSTY WILL NOT BE HARMED...

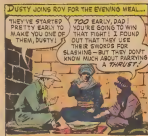
WELL, I HOPE YOUR FIGHTING IS BETTER THAN YOUR JUDGMENT, KARAHLI! IF ONLY YOU HADN'T BEEN SO ANGRY TO SHOW US YOUR DARSIS!

A THOUSAND PARDONS, MONSIEUR! IT WAS JUST THAT THERE WERE TOO MANY OF THEM AND TOO FEW OF US!

I KNOW YOU'LL WIN THE FIGHT, DAD, 'CAUSE YOU'RE AN EXPERT FENCER... BUT I'M GOING OUTSIDE TO SEE WHAT I CAN FIND OUT ABOUT THEIR WEAPONS.

OKAY, PARTNER... GOOD THINKING! BUT BE CAREFUL!





STEPPING OUT INTO THE NIGHT-SHROUDED CANYON, DUTY EXCHANGES GREETINGS WITH HIS TUAREG FRIENDS...

LABESS! HAMBULLAN
ERRA-BET!

HO-HO!



NOBODY'S WATCHING ME NOW! IF I CAN SADDLE A CAMEL WITHOUT BEING NOTICED, MAYBE I CAN GET AWAY!



I'M SURE DAD CAN WIN ANY SWORD FIGHT—BUT THERE'S JUST A CHANCE HE MIGHT NOT! IF I CAN GET TO THE TUAREG KING—MAYBE HE CAN STOP THE FIGHT!



I'VE WATCHED THEM DO THIS!... (GUSH!) THERE—IT'S TIGHT! AND SO FAR, NOT A CAMEL HAS MADE A FUSS!



BUT AT THE COMMAND TO RISE, THE AKHMBAR SNARLS AND BAWLS IN LOUD PROTEST...

GRAKACHE!

AAPPEH!
AABOORH!
GUAH!



HAH! AIIHIAH! SOMEONE IS STEALING THE AKHMBAR! AFTER HIM!

DENNI! DENNI! GURRT!



WE'RE OUT OF THE CANYON! THEY'LL BE AFTER US, AMENGKAL! — BUT WITH ONLY MY WEIGHT, I BET YOU CAN BEAT THEM ALL!



NOW IF I CAN JUST GUESS THE RIGHT WAY. WE WERE HEADED SOUTH WHEN WE WERE CAPTURED — AND AFTER THAT, I FELT THE SOUTH WIND ON MY RIGHT CHEEK FOR MAYBE FIVE MILES! SO I'LL HEAD WEST BY THE STARS FOR A WHILE — THEN SOUTH AGAIN!



WE'RE OUTRUNNING THE TUAREGS, KHAMBAR! IF ONLY WE DON'T MISS THE AMENGKAL'S CAMP!



LUCK — AND CLEVER RECKONING — HAVE SERVED DUSTY WELL! ONLY, BY NOW, IT IS CLOSE TO MIDNIGHT!

BLACK TENTS! THEY MUST BE THE AMENGKAL'S CAMP!



AND A SENTRY HALTS HIM!

CAFFE!

MAHMOULLAH! ACH TENAB?



AMENGKAL? I MUST SEE HIM RIGHT AWAY! AMENGKAL — THE KING OF THE TUAREGS!

AH! ZAGUCH! GET DOWN, KHAMBAR! AND YOU, TOO, FOLLOW ME!









CAN A DOG TALK?



"Dad," my boy Dusty asked me one day. "do you think dogs can talk? Bullet sure seems to be able to make us understand everything he wants to tell us."

Sure they can, Dusty," I replied. "Of course, they don't have what we think of as a language, but they have their own way of talking to each other and of trying to talk to us. It's not their fault if we don't understand."

"For instance, our dog Bullet has a 'human being bark,' which tells us when the mailman or someone else is coming up to the house. Then, there's his 'dog bark,' which lets us know there's a strange dog around."

"I've noticed that," Dusty replied, "but lately Bullet has been barking a sort of bark I've never heard before. It's half way between a howl and a growl. He was doing it last night, while you and Mom were at church."

"That sounds like something we'd better look into," I exclaimed. "Next time he barks like that, we'd better see what he's up to."

We waited and waited. It's a funny thing. If you have a toothache and go to the dentist, it's almost certain that the pain will stop when you get there, so you can't tell the dentist which tooth hurts.

It was that way with Bullet's new bark. We listened for several days, but we never heard that particular bark, until one evening, just when Dale was putting supper on the table. Then we heard Bullet off in the distance. The bark had an eerie sound that sent a chill up your spine, and it seemed to come from the hill above the barn.

Without a word, Dusty, Sandy, and I jumped up from the table. I rushed into the den to get

my rifle, while Dusty and Sandy dashed off for their flashlights. Outside, in the dark, we followed the sound of Bullet's barking, which led us up the hill toward the pigeon loft.

When we reached the spot, Dusty and Sandy focused their flashlight beams on the loft. There was Bullet, jumping up and down and throwing all his weight against the door.

"Gee, Dad," Sandy exclaimed, "I didn't think Bullet would ever bother the pigeons."

"It's not the pigeons he's after," Dusty shouted. "Look!"

He pointed to one of the traps the pigeons enter at the top of the loft. There we saw a big, shadowy figure at least three times the size of a house cat.

"Stand back, boys," I shouted.

I raised my rifle and fired. The shot echoed loud and sharp through the mountain canyons. A split second later, the figure fell to the ground. Sandy and Dusty held Bullet while I went to examine the creature.

It was a huge bobcat, one of the biggest I have ever seen. Apparently, that ferocious bobcat had been trying to get at the pigeons for several days. He must have done a lot of damage if we hadn't finally paid attention to Bullet's strange new bark.

Things have been pretty quiet around the Double-R-Bar Ranch since that day. All we hear is Bullet's "welcome home bark," his "let's play bark," or his "I'm hungry bark."

With the help of the veterinarian, we have a new trophy in the play room—the head and shoulders of that fierce bobcat.

Every time Bullet looks at it, he barks his "wild enemy bark"—it looks that real.

DALE
EVANS

THE MUSIC BOX

ONE DAY AS SHE RIDES ACROSS COUNTRY, DALE DISCOVERS A COVERED WAGON STANDING ALONE AND ABANDONED FAR FROM THE ROAD.



SOMEONE'S TORN THE WAGON APART! THEY MUST HAVE BEEN SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING!



THESE ASHES ARE STILL WARM, SO THE PEOPLE WERE HERE WITHIN THE LAST FEW HOURS!



WELL...HELLO! I'M DALE EVANS FROM MINERAL CITY! IS THIS YOUR WAGON?

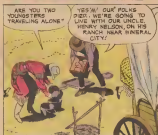


YES! WE CAMPED HERE LAST NIGHT! MY NAME IS DAN CRAIG, AND THIS IS MY SISTER, ELLEN!

WE DID WHEN WE HEARD YOUR HORSE COMING THIS WAY!



WE WERE AFRAID YOU WERE ONE OF THE TWO STRANGERS WHO JUMPED US THIS MORNING!



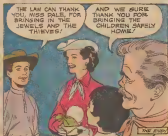




LATER, WHILE THEY WAIT FOR THE SHERIFF AT HENRY NELSON'S ARCHER HOUSE, PALE OPENS THE MUSIC BOX...



HERE'S THE JEWELRY THE MEN WERE SEARCHING FOR! DIAMONDS! RUBIES! EMERALDS!



ROY ROGERS

OUTLAW'S DEED

"THE SKY WAS UNUSUALLY DARK THAT MORNING AS I RODE TOWARD MINERAL CITY WITH SHERIFF BILL WALSTON AND AN OUTLAW PRISONER AT MY SIDE."

I STILL DON'T GET IT, ROGERS. WHY ARE YOU INVOLVED IN THIS?

THE SHERIFF'S A FRIEND OF MINE, CARTER... WE'RE RIDING THE SAME DIRECTION SO WHY NOT RIDE TOGETHER?



QUIT JAWIN' SO MUCH, CARTER. WE STILL GOT A GOOD RIDE AHEAD OF US!

SHERIFF, WON'T YOU BELIEVE ME! I DON'T FIRE THE BULLET THAT WOUNDED YOUR WIFE!



IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO FIRED THE BULLET, MASTER... YOU WERE IN THAT GANG, AND THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME!



SURE, ROBBERY IS ONE THING... BUT I NEVER WANTED ANYBODY HURT!

IT'S A LITTLE LATE FOR THAT NOW!



CAN'T YOU TALK SOME SENSE IN HERE, ROGERS? WON'T SOMEBODY GIVE ME A BREAK?

THE ONLY BREAK YOU DESERVE IS THE ROPE!







BY MORNING THE WINDS HAD INCREASED AND IT LOOKED DOUBTFUL THAT WE WOULD MAKE MINERAL CITY BY NOON..."

WHY DON'T WE HOLE UP SOMEPLACE TILL THE WIND DIES DOWN?

JUST RIDE, MASTER... WE'LL STOP WHEN I SAY TO STOP!



"THE WINDS GREW STRONGER AND WITH THEM CAME DUST AND SAND..."

I HAVEN'T SEEN A WIND STORM LIKE THIS FOR YEARS, BILL...

IT'S A BAD ONE, ROY, BUT WE'VE GOT TO KEEP GOIN'!



"WE FIGHTED ON AND THEN, ABOUT TEN MILES OUTSIDE OF MINERAL CITY..."

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE NOT THE ONLY ONES OUT IN THIS STORM, BILL!

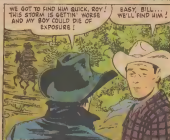


AS THE WINDS GREW STRONGER AND WITH THEM CAME DUST AND SAND... IT LOOKED DOUBTFUL THAT WE WOULD MAKE MINERAL CITY BY NOON..."

SHERIFF WALSTON! THANK HEAVEN IT'S YOU!

JED! WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' OUT HERE? IS MY WIFE ALL RIGHT?











"HE MOVED ON AGAIN TO SEARCH FOR THE BOY. SHERIFF WALSTON WAS QUIET, SAYING NOTHING ABOUT WHAT HAD HAPPENED..."

GETTIN' LATE,
ISN'T IT
ROGERS?

MUST BE AFTER
ONE O'CLOCK...

WE'VE GOT TO COVER MORE
GROUND...ONCE IT'S DARK,
IT'LL BE IMPOSSIBLE TO
SEE ANYTHING!

"THE WINDS GAVE NO SIGN OF LETTING UP AND ABOUT
AN HOUR LATER..."

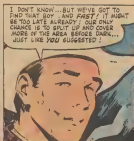
UP THERE...
LOOKS LIKE
A HORSE!

LOOKS MORE
LIKE A TREE
STUMP, SELL..

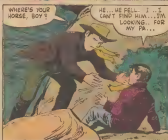
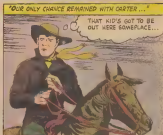
WATCH
CARTER
BOY! I'LL
TAKE A
LOOK!

THANKS FOR WHAT YOU DID
BACK THERE, MR. ROGERS...
I FIGURED I WAS A GONER!

I'M GOING TO DO
EVEN MORE FOR
YOU, CARTER...











Dear Roy:

I'm trying to save money. Is a penny too little to save?

Ben K.—Miami

Dear Ben:

My dad used to say, "If you save pennies, you'll soon have dollars to spend." If you can't learn to save pennies, you'll never have a good savings account. Don't forget—if you take a penny away from a dollar, you don't have a dollar any more.

Your friend,

Roy Rogers



Dear Roy:

How old is your dog Bullet? How do you teach a dog tricks?

Mary R.—Phoenix

Dear Mary:

Bullet is now almost 12 years old. He's the one who appears in my half-hour television shows. I also have a "baby Bullet." He's not quite a year old. There are a lot of ways to teach a dog to do tricks. The best way is to start by asking him to sit and then giving him a little dog biscuit as a reward when he does so. After that, all sorts of tricks come easy. But don't forget the reward.

Your friend

Roy Rogers

Dear Roy:

What kind of a boy is your son Dusty? What is his favorite sport at school? How old is he? I am 12 years old.

Johnny M.—New York



Dear Johnny:

Dusty is probably a boy very much like you. Sometimes he's good, sometimes he's a little bad. But mostly he's good, and I'm proud of him. He plays fullback on the football team at his school, and he's going on 13.

Your friend,

Roy Rogers

Dear Roy:

Do you have coyotes on your ranch, and other wild animals, too?

Alex D.—Detroit

Dear Alex:

We sure do have coyotes. Dale says they howl worse than I snore. We also have a lot of rabbits and gophers, and sometimes a deer comes out of the hills. And, every now and then, though we never see them, we know that there are skunks around. Our boy Sandy trapped one once, and it took us almost a week to clear the air.

Your friend,

Roy Rogers



TRACED IN SAND



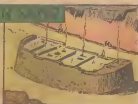
The shifting sands which poets write about have nowhere created more drama than in our own New Mexico, where a whole city and civilization were buried under wind-blown sands. This was Pueblo Bonito.



The Pueblo Bonito people left no written record, but relics tell a great story. They were potters, weavers, farmers and hunters, and both men and women painted their cheeks with bright-red clay rouge.



Archaeologists who unearthed the sand-covered ruins traced the age of Pueblo Bonito through rings in the trees used as beams. It was built in 919 — almost 600 years before Columbus discovered America.



Before the sandburied it, Pueblo Bonito was a city of 1200 citizens who lived in an apartment house of eight hundred rooms surrounded by walls four stories high. Entry and exit was by ladder only.



The very walls which protected the Pueblo Bonito Indians also forced them to abandon their city. Besieged by would-be-conquerors, they had to stay within their fortress. Drought, famine brought ultimate ruin.

A PLEDGE



TO PARENTS

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